

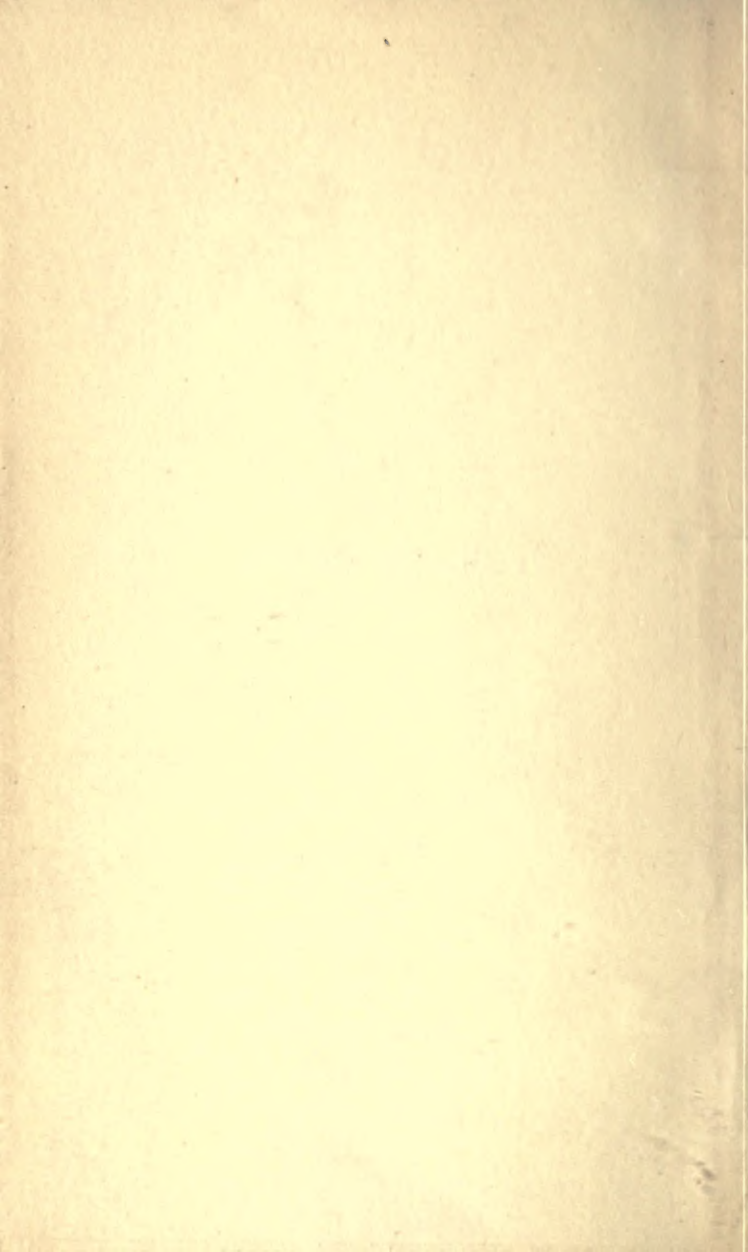
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VERSES TO ORDER





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# VERSES TO ORDER

BY

A. D. GODLEY

SECOND AND ENLARGED EDITION

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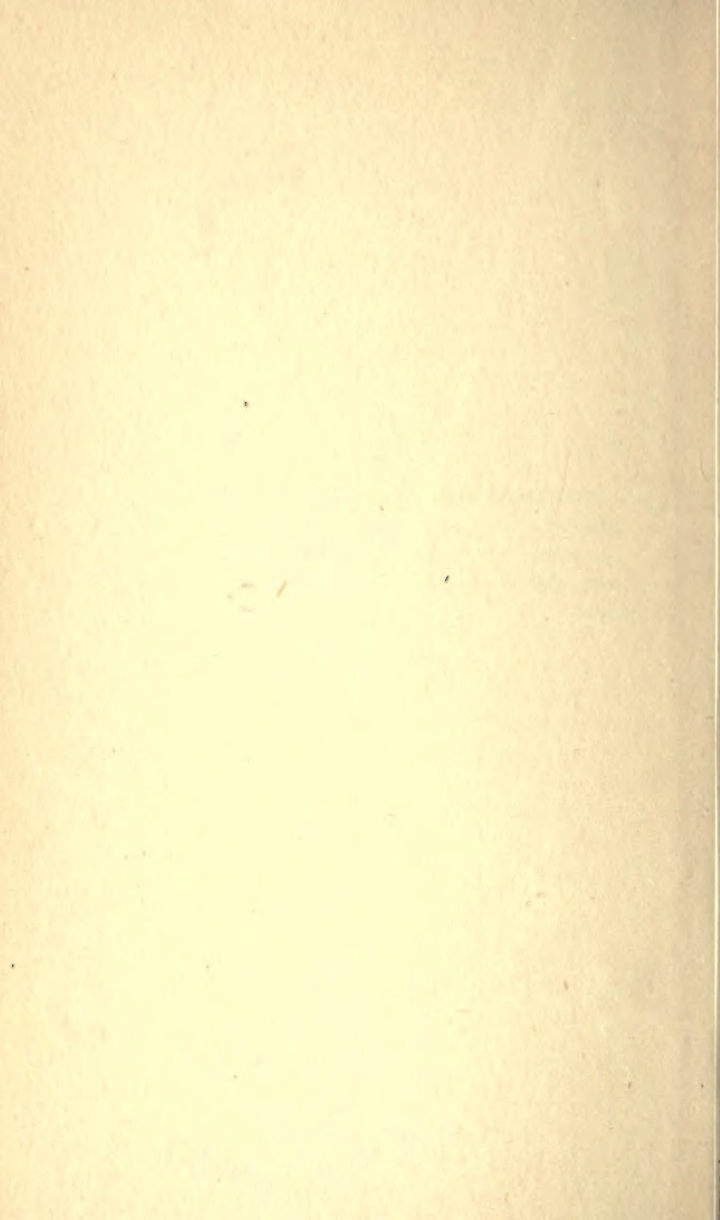


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## WANTED, A POET

NOW spreads the clover  
The meadows over :  
In field and cover  
The cuckoo's come :  
That blithe new-comer  
Proclaims the summer,—  
But where's the Strummer  
Who used to strum—

Who sang the praises  
Of woodland mazes  
Of Dells, and Daisies,  
And things like those,  
The Heart a-Breaking,  
The Void that's Aching ?  
O is he taking  
To writing Prose ?

Years since—some twenty—  
He'd rhymes in plenty :  
Mere *far niente*  
Supplied a crop :



## VERSES TO ORDER

Of Passions lofty,  
 Of sorrows soft, he  
 Would sing—till oft he  
     Was asked to stop!

Has Youth grown saner?  
 Do *Letters* chain her  
 Miscalled *Humaner*  
     And *Law Prelims*?  
 Does *Aristotle*  
 The Muses throttle,  
 That bards must bottle  
     Their tuneful hymns?

Or doubts concerning  
 Some question burning  
 Have quenched the Yearning,  
     The Mood sublime:  
 O'er Fiscal Changes  
 Their fancy ranges,  
 Which quite estranges  
     The mind from rhyme.

(For realms eristic  
 Of Pure Statistic  
 The song or distich  
     But ill supply:

## WANTED A POET

3

If long they tarried  
'Mid themes so arid  
Kipling and Barrie 'd  
    Themselves run dry.)

In bygone ages  
You filled our pages,  
With Fame for wages  
    (We can't give more):  
We've Prose in acres,  
We're dull as Quakers,—  
O Bards, O Makers,  
    Encore, encore !

CARMEN GUALTERI MAP EX  
AUL. NOV. HOSP.

O TIOSUS homo sum : cano laudes otii :  
Qui laborem cupiunt procul sint  
remoti :

Ipse sum adversus huic rationi toti :  
Pariter insaniunt ac si essent poti.

Diligens arundinis lucidique solis,  
Aciem quod ingeni acuis et polis,  
Salve dium Otium, inimicum scholis  
Atque rebus omnibus quae sunt magnae  
molis !

Nota discunt alii remigandi iura,  
Qua premendus arte sit venter inter crura :  
Haec est vitae ratio longe nimis dura :  
Nulla nobis cutis est deterendae cura.

Habitu levissimo magna pars induto  
Pellunt pilas pedibus, concidunt in luto :  
Hos, si potest fieri, stultiores puto  
Atque tantum similes animali bruto.

Alius contrariis usus disciplinis  
Procul rivo vivit et Torpidorum vinis :  
Nullus unquam ponitur huic legendi finis :  
Vescitur radicibus Graecis et Latinis :

Mihi cum ut subeam Moderationes  
Tutor suadet anxius “ Frustra ” inquam  
“ mones :  
Per me licet ignibus universas dones  
Aeschyli palmarias emendationes ! ”

Ego insanissimos reor insanorum  
Mane tempus esse qui dictitent laborum :  
Otium est optimum omnium bonorum :  
Ante diem medium non relinquo torum.

Ergo iam donabimus hoc praeceptum gratis  
Vobis membris omnibus Universitatis,  
Dominis Doctoribus, Undergraduatis—  
PROFESSORES CVRA SIT OMNES VT FIATIS.

ΟΙΗ ΠΕΡ ΦΥΛΛΩΝ

OCTOBER'S leaves are sere and wan ;  
And Freshmen each succeeding year  
Are, like the leaves, less verdant than  
They were.

Time was, they paced the Broad or High  
In cap and gown, with sober mien,  
Their only wish to gratify  
The Dean :

But now they seek the social glass,  
The bonfire and the midnight feast :  
And e'en describe their Tutor as  
A Beast.

Once, when that Tutor strove to show  
How (though it's sometimes hard to see)  
There *is* a difference 'twixt *οὐ*  
And *μή*,

They gazed with simple wonder at  
The treasures of his hoarded lore,  
Nor hinted that they'd " heard all *that*  
Before."



They wore a cap hind part before,  
A gown of quaint domestic cut :  
They served the general public for  
A butt ;

On them the casual jester tried  
(Nor failed) his old ancestral jokes :  
They nightly placed their boots outside  
Their oaks.

Then, striplings recently from school  
Could never ape the senior man :  
But now—I state a general rule—  
They can :

And it's comparatively rare  
For Fourth-year men, though old and  
gray,  
To have as much of *savoir faire*  
As they.

For still among the myriad throng  
Who yearly tread Oxonia's stones,  
Monotony extends her sway,  
And Smith grows liker every day  
To Jones.

## A TALE OF TWO CITIES

THE Rhone and Rhine they run so free  
Through Switzerland and Ger-  
many,—

But Cherwell winds with devious coil  
Through Hampton Gay and Hampton  
Poyle.

The Cher, he flows his banks between  
Through clover fields and meadows green,  
By meadows green and churches gray,  
By Hampton Poyle and Hampton Gay :

O peaceful scenes, secluded spots !  
How happy are their simple lots  
Who live and till their natal soil  
In Hampton Gay and Hampton Poyle !

Could suns be warm, could skies be blue,  
Could days of spring be always new,  
A lifetime were too short to stay  
In Hampton Poyle or Hampton Gay.

No racing Eights come here to mar  
The rural solitudes of Cher :  
No student burns the midnight oil  
(I'm sure of that) in Hampton Poyle !

("Here," said the Editor, "enough  
Of this unconscionable stuff!  
You can't go on the livelong day  
Composing rhymes to Hampton Gay !"

"O, can't I just ?" the Poet said :  
"By arts like these I earn my bread :  
This only serves my Muse to foil—  
The dearth of words that rhyme with  
Poyle.")

Whene'er I quit this scene of toil,  
Then place my bones in Hampton Poyle :  
Or, if you can't, then take and lay  
My mortal part in Hampton Gay !

## LOVE AND GOLF

HEAR me swearing, fairest Phyllis !  
—Golfers all know how to swear—  
Though, of course, your presence still is  
Most attractive everywhere,  
Links were ne'er designed for lovers :  
Do not, Phyllis, deem me rude,  
When I hint that man discovers  
Charms at times in solitude.

Lips like yours should never utter  
Ugly words that golfers speak—  
“ Dormy,” “ stimy,” “ mashy,” “ putter,”  
“ Driver,” “ brassy,” “ bunker,”  
“ cleek ” !

Sooner read—though Cultured Woman  
Is a thing I hate and shun—  
Horace, that distinguished Roman,  
Than Horatius Hutchinson.

Though, in hours of deep dejection,  
When the disappointing ball  
Takes, if hit, the wrong direction,  
Sometimes can't be hit at all,—

Though whate'er the golfer says is  
Justified by reason due,  
Still I hold his Saxon phrases  
Most unsuitable for you.

Tennis be your sole endeavour  
If you must aspire to fame !  
But at golf—believe me, never  
Can you hope to play the game.  
There, your “swing” but courts the  
scoffer,  
Boors and clowns your “driving”  
mock ;  
Fate, who made the clown a golfer,  
Meant you, Phyllis ! for a “crock.”

Meet me then by lawn or river,  
Meet me then at routs or rinks,  
Meet me where the moonbeams quiver,  
Anywhere—but on the links !  
Thus of you I'll fondly ponder  
O'er the green where'er I roam,  
(Absence makes the heart grow fonder),  
Only, Phyllis, stay at home !



## CAVENDISH: AN ODE

### I

AND can it be? is Cambridge too  
To Ignorance a slave?  
Can dark Reaction's tide imbrue  
The Cam's progressive wave?  
I used to think that every fad,  
That every scheme and purpose mad  
In Education's sphere,  
A Kindergarten system, or  
A theory of Mr St—rr,  
Could find expansion here!

### II

As golfers, doomed by fortune harsh  
To seek the flats of Cowley Marsh,  
Still turn a wistful eye upon  
The verdant slopes of Headington,  
So Cavendish—a pigmy race—  
Laments th' obnoxious rule  
Which closes that peculiar place,  
The Cambridge Infant School.

How oft—when privileged to view  
Amid some rural scene  
Her freshmen, walking two and two,  
Escorted by the Dean—  
How oft her halls I seemed to see,  
Where, dandled on the Master's knee,  
They learned their  $\acute{o}$ ,  $\eta$ ,  $\tau\acute{o}$ ,  
And little Pollmen lisp with glee  
About their Little-go !  
Not there (I thought) the studious boy  
Is taught to fill, with lawless joy,  
The gay nocturnal cup :  
At half-past eight—or so 'tis said—  
The tutor sends his men to bed,  
And comes to tuck them up !  
No “ gates ” or fines pollute the air :  
No scholarships or prizes there  
Reward successful cram ;  
But Vice is spanked (though not too hard),  
And Virtue finds its due reward  
In extra helps of jam.

## III

Such was the scene : but human bliss  
Is bound, alas ! to pass away :  
And Cavendish no longer is,  
Because she did not pay.

An exiled crew, her students wend—

    Their corals lost, their rattles broke—

For Cavendish has found an end

    (As usual) in smoke :

And once again on history's page

    Is chronicled the truth—

Youth cannot live with crabbed Age,

    Nor crabbed Age with Youth.

## LINES WRITTEN IN DEPRESSION

WHEN suns for weeks have seldom  
    shone,  
    And rain and fog pervade the sky,  
And Fiscal Policy alone  
    Is dry,

How often I'm inclined to bless  
    (On seas statistical afloat)  
Their happy lot who don't possess  
    A vote !

By problems hard they ne'er are racked,  
    Nor any difficulty find  
In making up (stupendous act ! )  
    Their mind :

Nor need they wade through miles of type,  
    Where politicians by the score  
With one another's statements " wipe  
    The floor " !

But I, who know what ills await  
The British Householder who makes  
(When dealing with an Empire's fate)  
Mistakes,

Behold, oppressed by daily care,  
Arise before my mental view  
The dire results of whatsoe'er  
I do :

I see that vast Imperial Whole  
Resolved to its constituent parts,  
While mere Americans control  
Its marts,

I see great Joseph bid me note  
*I* rent that Empire limb from limb,  
Because I did not go and vote  
For him :

Or should I seek for *his* applause  
I seem to stand a crowd amid  
All vainly asking Bread—because  
*I did !*

O happy days ! before I heard  
From statesmen on the daily stump  
The meaning of that fateful word  
To Dump—



Or realised the reasons clear  
 Which ought to make consumers weep  
 When wares originally dear  
 Are cheap ;

Why this to none advantage brings,  
 Or those that sell, or those that buy  
 (Save to such negligible things  
 as I) ;

Why England 'neath Protection's reign  
 Will show her foes a firmer front :  
 Why 'tis indubitably plain  
 She won't :

Why persons twain are wholly free  
 Conclusions opposite to frame,  
 Although their premises may be  
 The same !

\* \* \* \* \*

A time there was when no one strayed  
 In spheres of independent thought ;  
 Each voted as his Party said  
 He ought,—

When what or whom he voted for  
 He did not care a single fig,  
 But simply was a Tory, or  
 A Whig :

I've often heard (perhaps it's true)  
How casting old traditions loose  
We're going generally to  
The Deuce,—

But O! from this I clearly see  
We really stand on Ruin's brink,  
When British Householders, like me,  
Must THINK!

## THE PARIAH

I MET a weary wandering wight  
    'Mid deserts wild and rude  
Who seemed to shrink from human sight  
    And seek for solitude :  
Like one he was who feels the weight  
    Of yet unpardoned sin :  
His anguished brow and timorous gait  
    Betrayed the fears within !

“ Oh, say,” I cried, “ poor outcast, why  
    Thou seek'st this dreary place,  
All, all alone, with fearful eye  
    And darkly-muffled face !  
Some secret grief has made thee shun  
    Mankind's familiar path,  
Or thou some desperate deed hast done  
    And fear'st the avenger's wrath,—

“ Whate'er the burden be that so  
    Lies heavy on thy breast,  
Or conscious shame, or hidden woe,  
    Or ordinance transgress,

Yet may confession heal the offence  
And purge away the stain,—  
Ay, though those mantled lineaments  
Should bear the brand of Cain !

“ Confide in me, whate’er it be :  
Thy sorrows all reveal :  
(Here may’st thou find a heart that’s kind,  
By suffering schooled to feel)—  
*What* stroke of fate has reft thy bliss,  
*What* crime thy conscience seared ? ”  
“ Sir,” he replied, “ the reason’s this—  
*I’m trying to grow my beard ! ”*

## SPRING

NOW the feathery tribes  
Sing their annual lay,  
(As the poet describes)  
On the usual "spray,"  
And the easterly zephyrs we're used to  
proclaim the dominion of May.

All the music of spring—  
It is with us anew!  
The thrushes that sing  
And the ring-doves that coo—  
And the boys who endeavour to sell us the  
*Star* and the *Oxford Review*.

Now the meadows among,  
Whither golfers resort,—  
Where the grass is as long  
As their tempers are short,—  
The language they use to their caddies is  
such as I cannot report.

Now the man on the bank  
 With assurance dilates  
 On the style that is "rank"  
 And the varying weights  
 Of the persons condemned by misfortune  
 to row in their several Eights.

And Lectures we vote  
 To be hollow and vain,  
 And the Don has a note  
 From the Man to explain  
 That the whole of his female relations come  
 up by the twelve o'clock train :

But the coming of Greats  
 Casts a sensible chill  
 On the wretch who collates  
 His "Republic" and "Mill";  
 And he dreams of the τὸ τί ἦν εἶναι, and  
 wakes to discourse of the Will.

## LINES ON A MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE

I WISH I knew geography—for that  
would tell me why  
'Twixt New South Wales and Paddington  
you needs must pass the High !  
Of course I know the fact is so: 'tis  
singular, but then  
Veracity is still the mark of literary men.

All in the High a Yankee man I happened  
for to find :  
He'd come from the Antipodes, and left  
his purse behind :  
And here by his embarrassments com-  
pelled he was to stay.  
( 'Twixt New South Wales and London  
town 'tis all upon the way.)

His simple tale affected me : 'twas more  
than I could bear :  
I brought him to my humble cot and  
entertained him there.



And "Books!" he cried, while gazing on  
my well-assorted shelf,

"I've written some immortal works—  
anonymbus—myself!

"Full well I know the authors of those  
venerable tomes—

Yes, there's Nathaniel Hawthorne, and  
there is Wendell Holmes!

My literary relatives I number by the  
score:

Mark Twain's my cousin twice removed,  
by far Missouri's shore."

He spoke of many famous men, and all by  
Christian names—

Yes, Howells he called William D., and  
Russell Lowell, James:

His kinsmen and acquaintances were all in  
Culture's van;

I do not think I ever met a more related  
man.

"But what's the use of all that crowd,"  
the Transatlantic said,

"When I am bound to catch the cars, and  
ain't got nary red?"

## A MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE 25

Stranger, I guess with Caius C. Maecenas  
you'll be known

If you will just oblige me with a temporary loan."

I can't resist celebrity—I lent him shillings  
ten,

That impecunious relative of literary men :  
And when he comes to pay it back, no  
doubt he'll tell me why

From New South Wales to Paddington  
the shortest way's the High.

ODE TO THE TEMPORARY  
BRIDGE AT OSNEY

PROUD monument of British enterprise !  
Stately highway of Commerce ! thou  
art old :

Since with enraptured gaze we saw thee  
rise

Three winters o'er thy perilous planks  
have rolled,

Each with its load of carriages and carts :  
Freshmen, who saw thy birth, are  
Bachelors of Arts.

Majestic arch, that spans the Isis' flow,  
Fraught with the memory of our lives  
imperilled,

We could not hope to keep thee—thou  
must go.

Yet shall no bard in Chronicle or  
Herald,

No civic Muse, deplore thee ? none of all  
Who paid augmented rates to rear thee,  
mourn thy fall ?

Thou art of schemes municipal the symbol,  
As crazy, and as tortuous. Fare thee  
well !

Not long o'er thee shall Undergraduates  
nimble

Evade the Proctor and his bulldogs fell :  
Business and Pleasure to their old forgotten  
Path will return again, and leave thy  
timbers rotten.

Perchance some Alderman, or Member of  
The local Board,—his shallop softly  
mooring,—

Beside thy site contemplative will rove

And weep awhile thy glories unenduring :  
And unimpeded by thy barring wood  
Dead cats and dogs shall float adown the  
central flood.

## A HANDBOOK TO HOMER

"We regretted much to see Professor \* \* \* \* lending the weight of his brilliant name to the statement that schoolboys ought not to read Homer, because it would corrupt their Greek."—*Note in the "Oxford Magazine."*

*POLUPHLOISBOISTEROUS*    *Homer*  
*of old*

*Threw all his augments into the sea,  
Although he had often been courteously told  
That perfect imperfects begin with an e:  
But the Poet replied with a dignified air,  
"What the Digamma does any one care?"*

Yes—it is true that that singular man  
(Whether he's Homer, or somebody  
else)

Often puts *κεν* where he should have put  
*ἄν*,

Seldom will construe and mostly mis-  
spells,

And wholly ignores those grand old laws  
Which govern the Attic conditional clause.

This is the author whom innocent boys  
Cram for Responsions and grind at for  
Mods,  
Possible Ithacas, mythical Troys,  
Scandalous stories of heroes and gods,  
Wholly deficient in morals and truth,—  
That is the way that we educate Youth !

Even the great Alexandrian clique  
Never attempted to write him anew :  
Learning's reformer, Professor of Greek !  
Erudite person ! they left it to you.  
Now shall we have—'twas a manifest  
need—  
Something that serious scholars can read.

Parents and guardians may surely expect  
Books where the student orthography  
learns,  
Language grammatical, spelling correct,  
Not the vagaries of Chaucer or Burns,—  
Syntax and idioms adapted to those  
Stated distinctly in Sidgw-ck's Greek  
Prose :

None of the puzzles that puzzle us now,

Nothing to hinder disciple or don,

All of his genitives ending in *ου*,

All of his *ἅπαξ λεγόμενα* gone—

Homer conforming to classical rule—

That is the Homer for College and School !



## A MEDITATION ON METRE

O IS 'T not hard that every bard  
Who seeks to shine in letters,  
Must still be bound by rules of sound,  
And simply dance in fetters?  
Would we had lived in ancient times,  
When genius found expansion,  
When no one had to hunt for rhymes  
Nor mind the laws of scansion!

*They* did not go to public schools  
To learn to make a poem,  
Nor knew their Quantitative Rules  
As we've been taught to know 'em:  
Because—despite what scholars write  
And pedantry rehearses—  
Reflection shows that Pindar's prose,  
And only looks like verses.

Yet still from slips in ancient song  
We frame consistent uses,  
And when they make their lines too long  
We call it Anacrusis:

When Sappho strays from Reason's ways,  
With reverence still we treat her,  
Although she pens what is not sense,  
And really can't be metre.

Whene'er some celebrated man  
The critic's ear perplexes  
By writing lines that will not scan,  
'Tis Hypercatalexis,—  
Should you or I this method try  
To mould our scansion after,  
'Twould move, one fears, our friends to  
tears,  
And stir our foes to laughter !

And so, when Afric's darkest States  
Attain their culture's crowning,  
And dusky students read for Greats  
Their Tennyson and Browning,—  
Whene'er the Critic finds a flaw  
Which now our work disfigures,  
He'll make that flaw a general law  
For young poetic niggers !

## AD GERMANOS

YE Germans, whose daring conjectures,  
Whose questionings darkly abstruse,  
Provide our Professors with lectures,  
Our Dons with original views,  
I strive to express what we owe you  
With wholly inadequate pen :  
Too late and too little we know you,  
Remarkable men !

O had but the classical ages  
Been blest by the presence of you,  
To alter the text of their sages,  
That sadly corruptible crew !  
Nor Pindar had puzzled the guesser,  
And ne'er had the public misled,  
Had he asked a Teutonic Professor  
To write him instead.

Though the facts that you foist on historians  
To the regions of fancy belong,  
And your dreams of the dates of the Dorians  
Are often demonstrably wrong,—

Though your best emendations be "putid"  
When viewed through a critical lens,  
Your axioms completely confuted  
By grammar and sense,—

Yet O! till the Pedagogues' Diet  
(Determined distinctly to speak)  
Prohibits with terrible fiat  
The teaching of Latin and Greek,  
Till then we will humbly respect your  
Contempt for the Probably True,  
And climb to the heights of Conjecture,  
Great Germans, with you!

## TO THE SOLDIER TIRED

MY Tomkins ! why sheathe your invincible steel,

And return to an era of prose ?

You were eloquent once on your Country's Appeal

And the need of repelling her foes :

You established it clear that your natural sphere

Was the region of battles and blood :

But your ardour for gore would appear to be o'er—

As you think that you're out of the wood.

Have you wholly forgot how you glorified Force

With an air that was martial and stern ?

How you drilled and you shot : how you rode on a horse

(Or expressed an intention to learn) ?

How you went into Camp and were hungry and damp

(Which was all for your ultimate good),

How you slept in a tent—till your ardour  
was spent,  
And you thought you were out of the  
wood?

You would prate by the yard in the stress  
of the storm

On the need of Machinery New,  
And you bored me to death with your Army  
Reform

And the things Mr Brodrick should  
do:—

But a slump, I presume, has come after the  
Boom,

As an ebb will succeed to a flood,  
And you'll alter the caps of your Army—  
perhaps,—

'Tis enough, when you're out of the  
wood.

O the helmet you wore is replaced on its  
rack,

And the sword's in its scabbard again,  
And you do not discourse on a Frontal  
Attack

With the persons you meet in the  
train

## TO THE SOLDIER TIRED 37

But you solace your soul with the Oaf at  
the goal,

And applaud the disgusting display  
Of the Fool at the crease (*he's* the hero of  
peace)

In your ancient ridiculous way !

Yet remember once more, ere your  
weapons you drop,

And desist from your efforts to kill—

There are parties abroad with an eye on  
your shop

And the cash that you keep in the till :  
For the change in your mien that I've re-  
cently seen

Has an ending regrettably plain :

So pacific your mood, now you're clear of  
the wood,

You'll be in it, my Tomkins, again !



## A CORONATION ECLOGUE

*Corydon. Amyntas.*

C. DIC mihi, cur, pastor, lacrimas?—  
ignosce roganti,—  
quid medium solus stans ad ovile  
gemis?  
omnia jam rident, quod et aestas im-  
perat, et quod  
hora coronandi prospera Regis  
adest:  
tu solus lacrimas: quæ tanti est causa  
doloris?  
forsan quod pateris sit medicina mali.

A. Ille ego, quo nusquam Regis rever-  
entior alter,  
cui strepitus cordi est, pompaque  
longa placet,  
ille ego laetanti teneor semotus ab urbe:  
in medio Parcae rure manere jubent.  
bellae splendebunt me non spectante  
puellae,

quosque vehunt redae, quique fer-  
untur equis,  
nec mihi clangorem lituorum audire  
licebit,  
nec scloppetorum contremuisse sono :  
cernere nec potero Regulares, Militiam-  
que ;  
tuque, Voluntari, non mihi visus  
eris !  
hoc est, cur medio stantes lacrimemus  
ovili :  
haec mihi, si quaeris, causa doloris  
adest.

C. Mî geminæ, pastor, media sunt urbe  
fenestrae :  
aspiciunt plateam, sancte Jacobe,  
tuam :  
depositis ambas si vis conducere nummis,  
omnia quae memoras inde videre potes.  
illuc veste nova pictoque ornata galero  
(lautius et solito tu quoque veste nite)  
Phyllis eat tecum : nec non cum Phyllide  
mater,  
si poscunt leges proprietatis, eat.  
da centum libras, et habes utramque  
fenestram :  
servabo ipse tuas, dum redeatur, oves.

A. Hei mihi ! me miserum ! tot libras unde  
parabo ?

Astor opes tantas vix Gulielmus habet !

C. Fac igitur quidvis, pastor : sed crede  
monenti—

non talem sortem quaelibet hora feret :  
ingentes offert opulenta Columbia  
nummos

dum loquor : et Pierpont Morgan  
habere cupit.

sed mihi, cum reputo—namque est  
industria curae

Anglica, et hanc semper sustinuisse  
volo—

jam venit in mentem ratio me teque  
juvandi :

tu modo fac siccas, quae maduere,  
genas :

aspicis inscriptos passim medicamina  
colles,

utque ferant variae nomina mercis agri ?  
pistor et Hovis adest fuerant ubi pastor  
ovisque,

et complet totum pharmacopola  
nemus :

huic jecur est curae, pulmo sanatur ab  
illo,

parsque velim tanti, si licet, esse chori.  
saponum longe detergentissimus ille est  
quem facimus : vestes (crede) lavare  
nequit :

cuius saponis si me praeconia gratis  
inter agros passim proposuisse sines,  
ecce, tibi geminas cupio donare fenestras :  
hoc tibi lugenti quod medeatur erit.

A. O patriae vindex, o quo non dignior  
alter,

o claros inter commemorande viros,  
pone loco quovis, quasvis mihi pone  
tabellas,

et laetae titulos intueantur oves !  
sic Anglus, sic Gallus emat, sic denique  
laudet

Africa saponem candida facta tuum :  
cumque coronatum celebrabo carmine  
Regem,

te quoque post illum rustica Musa  
canet !

## DOCTRINAE SEDES

WHEN Pleasure rules in Learning's  
realm

With Heads of Houses to escort her,  
And Youth directs an errant helm

In "Shorts" that every year grow  
shorter :

When Scholars "have their People up,"  
(A plea that everything excuses)

And quaff the gay convivial cup

Where once they wooed the classic  
Muses :

When men who used to come at nine

Are "indisposed" (a known condition),

And Brown has several aunts to dine,

And cannot do his composition :

When Tomkins—once a studious lad—

"Desires most humbly to express a

Sincere regret he has not had

Time to complete his weekly essay";

When Lecturers have lost their use,  
Because the youth they idly prate to  
Has other things whereon to muse  
Than mere Thucydides or Plato—  
(You think, perhaps, he's taking notes ?  
Mistaken dreams ! too well I know he  
Is speculating on the boats,  
Or thinking of a rhyme to Chloe):—

Then seek with me some calmer scene,  
Where wines are hushed, where banjoes  
mute are ;  
There—careless though they burn the Dean  
And immolate the Senior Tutor—  
We'll muse in solitude, until  
June and the Long once more disbands  
'em ;  
Then, William, pay my washing bill,  
And call at once my usual hansom.

## IDOLA RIVI

SAY, Postumus ! my hero of the oar !  
Why loom you so pre-eminently large,  
While kinsfolk by the score  
Regard you from the Barge ?

What gifts bestowed by Nature's bounteous  
hand  
The gazer's breast invincibly entrance ?  
What charms your sisters, and  
Your cousins and your aunts ?

'Tis this:—they think (and you, fond youth,  
agree)  
That, ere you knew our academic scene,  
This University  
Had never really Been :

Also, that when you vanish from our ken,  
Pass your last school, and row your latest  
race,  
We too shall surely then  
Fade out of Time, and space :



From whence they not surprisingly conclude  
That You are Oxford, and that Oxford's

You :

Which (do not think me rude !)  
Is not completely true.

For oh, ! I may permissibly surmise  
That, when your presence blesses us no  
more,

The saddened sun will rise  
Daily, as heretofore :

And other men will tread the self-same  
ways,

And others navigate the self-same flood,  
Seeking from phase to phase  
The Semi-Final Good !

Yes—and brought low by some unlooked-  
for lapse,

As roll the years unalterably on,  
E'en you, my friend, perhaps  
May turn into a Don :

Then, while the changeful undergraduate  
Now treads the stage, now vanishes from  
view

(All, I regret to state,  
Quite similar to you,)

Then will you see that you were but a  
Type—

I mean, a wholly ordinary cuss :

—Put *that* within your pipe,  
And smoke it, Postumus !

## FOOTBALL AND ROWING—AN ECLOGUE

*Melibæus. Corydon.*

*Mel.*—**N**AY, tempt me not, my Corydon;  
I tell you once again  
That football is a game beneath the  
dignity of men.  
Time was, I chased the bounding ball  
athwart the meadows green—  
Before I read what critics said, within  
the *Magazine*.  
Degrading sport! at which, indeed, I used  
to shine at school;  
Alas! I knew no better then, and was,  
in fact, a fool;  
Of all the spectacles on earth, I know no  
sight that's sadder  
Than thirty men pursuing of a mere in-  
flated bladder.  
Were I to play at games like this, when  
nearly in my twenties,  
'Twould argue me behind my age, and  
*parum compos mentis*.

'Tis "semi-gladiatorial" too—a thing  
which I abhor—

At least that's what the papers say, and  
likewise Dr Warre—

And so I've donned my boating-coat, and  
down to row I'm going,

For oarsmen swear (they often do) there's  
no such sport as rowing.

*Coryd.*—Ah, hapless youth! Why, don't you  
know what countless ills await

The man who strives to figure in a Torpid  
or an Eight?

Learn, then, that such (you'll find it all  
in last week's *Magazine*)

Of individuality have less than a  
machine;

"Two" looks at stroke, and bow at  
"Three," and imitates him stiffly,

And once embarked, you can't get out  
between the Barge and Iffley.

The chops and steaks on which you dine  
are (like your person) raw;

You can't devote your mind to Greats, or  
History, or Law—

For when they're rowing in an Eight, I'm  
told that gentlemen

Are comatose at half-past eight, and sent  
to bed at ten!

*Mel.*—Alas! 'Tis clear, such sports as these  
 can ne'er have been designed  
 To satisfy a person of a cultivated mind.  
 Since both alike a mark present for  
 journalistic sneers,  
 Rowing and football I'll forswear, and  
 join the Volunteers!

KAL. APR.

I HATE your vulgarian ill-mannered  
Who goes by himself to the Race!  
Maecenas has gone in his Panhard  
Nor offered his Horace a place:  
Then come (for the storms that are wintry  
Have vanished afar from the lea)  
Qua linter contendit cum lintre,  
My Phyllis, with me!

The Cive with his spouse and his daughters,  
The swain and concomitant nymph  
Natate, in a cymb, on the waters  
Or curr by the defluent lymph,—  
And see, 'twixt their knees with their  
ventres  
(You *can* be correct, when you choose,—  
Quo, Musa, poetam impellis?)  
The 'Varsity crews!

O doomed to consume by your coaches  
Raw rations of obstinate ox,  
O rent by the raucous reproaches  
Of clamitant captain and cox,

Ye heirs of the memories famous  
That cling to your classical streams,  
Quos misit aut Isis, aut Camus,  
Incumb on your remes !

\* \* \* \* \*

Heu ! auri funesta cupido  
Has wholly bereft me of tin,  
Dum actis diurnis confido  
Which told me the boat that would win !  
Dire day of the daft and the silly,  
Curst kalends of guile and of gas !  
O rerum dulcissima Phylli,  
*Do* lend me an *As* !

## HEPHAESTUS IN OXFORD

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει ποταμοῖο βίην κλυτὸς ἀμφιγυ-  
γύης

ἔνθα δύνω νῆας κοῦροι ἔριδα προφέροντες  
ῶκα προήρεσσον· πίσυρας δ' ἐνέθηκεν ἐκάστη·  
ἐξῆς δ' ἐξόμενοι κρατερὸν ῥόον ὥσαν ἐρετμοῖς  
τέρματος ἰέμενοι, ῥινόι δ' ὑπένερθεν ἔτριφ-  
θεν.

λαοὶ δ' ὥς ὅτε κῦμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλά-  
σσης

θρῶσκον ἐπασσύτεροι ποταμῷ παρὰ δινή-  
εντι,

θάρσυνον δ' ἐτάρους, ἐπὶ δ' ἴαχον ἀμφοτέ-  
ροισι

θεσπεσίῳ ὁμάδῳ· ἐτέροισι δὲ φαίνετο νίκη.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει μέγαλοιο πυρὸς σέλας· ἀμφὶ  
δὲ λαοί

ὄρχηθμῷ τέρποντ' ἐρικύδεος εἵνεκα νίκης.

οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πόσιος καὶ ἐδήτυος ἐξ ἔρον  
ἔντο

νυκτὸς ἔπειτ' ὠρχεύντο μέσῳ περικάλλεος  
αὐλῆς,



τυκτῶ ἔνι δαπέδῳ, περὶ δὲ φρένας ἤλυθεν  
 οἶνος,

ἐν πυρὶ βάλλοντες κτῆσιν μέγαλ' ἤλιθα  
 πολλήν

μὰψ, ἄταρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον· ἔπειτα δέ τ'  
 ἔνθορον αὐτοί.

τοὺς δ' ἄρα νισσομένους ἀπ' ἀμύμονος  
 ὀρχηθμοῖο

πρῶκτωρ δέγμενος ἦστο, πέλωρ ἀθεμίστια  
 εἰδώς,

παρ ὁδῶ ἐν σκοπιῇ, ὅθι περ νίσσεσθαι  
 ἔμελλον

[οὐκ οἶος· ἅμα τῷ γε κύνες πόδας ἀργοὶ  
 ἔποντο].

ὥς ὁ μὲν ἐσκοπίαζ', οἱ δ' ἤλυθον ἀφραδίῃσιν·  
 δὴ τότε· ἐπειτ' ἐπόρουσε, γένος δ' ἐρέεινεν

ἐκάστου,  
 θωὴν δ' αὖτ' ἐπέθηχ'· οἱ δ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντες

ἔτινον·  
 ἄλλοι δ' ἄλλος' ἔφευγον ἀνὰ τρηχεῖαν

ἀταρπόν.

## DISENCHANTED

THEY told me of the August calm  
Of Oxford in the long Vacation,  
How rarely plies th' infrequent tram  
'Twixt Cowley and the Railway Station ;  
How undergraduates are gone  
Or peaks to climb or moors to shoot on,  
And none remains but here a Don  
And there a speculative Teuton :

How in the Parks you seldom see  
The terminal perambulator ;  
How tradesmen close at half-past three,  
And silence broods o'er Alma Mater.  
Ah me ! 'twas all a baseless dream ;  
One thing they quite forgot to mention—  
The recently developed scheme  
Of University Extension.

They told me Oxford in the Long  
A place of solitude and peace is :  
They told me so—they told me wrong ;  
For every train imports a throng

Of sisters, cousins, aunts, and nieces,  
Who crowd the streets, who storm the  
Schools,

With love of Lectures still unsated ;  
They're subject to no kind of rules,  
And can't be proctorised or gated.

'Neath auspices majestic,

Their guide some Principal or Warden,  
From morn to eve they throng the Hall,  
And all day long they "do" the Garden.

Upon one's own peculiar haunts

They rudely pry—O times, O manners !  
They strum the Pirates of Penzance  
On Undergraduates' pianners.

The Bursar entertains about

A score of feminine relations,  
Whilst I invoke my absent scout,  
And hope in vain my humble rations ;  
If this be Oxford in the Vac.,

When all her sons afar are scattered,  
If this be peace,—then give me back  
The Torpid wine, the tea-tray battered !

## CANTICUM BRUMALE

**O**LIM patriarcha Noe  
questus est diluvio e  
pleno, “ iam est satis, ohe ! ”

cum cedente bruma veri  
campi fiunt lacus meri,  
nobis quoque licet queri.

ambulare super prata  
liquescenti nive strata  
res est plane condemnata.

huc et illuc lapso, nuto,  
nunquam gressu vado tuto,  
nunc in nive, nunc in luto.

remex crudo pastus bove  
sedet segnis, invitove  
frustra temptat flumen Iove :

namque rivum videt qualem  
nautae dicunt esse salem  
juxta polum Borealem.

sponte quaerit vir Tutores :  
legit—contra suetos mores—  
Literas Humaniores,—

namque quando cui nos demus  
verum opus non habemus,  
iure nugas exercemus !

P. VERGILI MARONIS FRAGMENTUM  
NUPER REPERTUM

VENIT hiems ; multosque etiam venientia  
testes  
dant Parvisa sui. Qui vix semel hebdomadali  
tempore Tutoris quaerebat limina, nunc it  
terque quaterque die, poscitque et ab  
hoste doceri,  
mendosas prosas ululatorumque feraces  
ille quidem referens. adeo nova vertitur  
illi  
pagina ; non repetit curandis (scilicet)  
urbem  
dentibus infelix ; Nonas celebrare Novembres  
jam timet et miseris supponere civibus  
ignem.  
invigilat noctu libris ; tum rite togatus  
templum mane petit (faciem stupet inscius  
ante

janitor); ut, durum quamvis patiatur  
aratum,

termine, te saltem servet, placeatque  
Decano.

mox hunc scribentem Schola Magna  
Australis habebit,

adjectiva, nefas! (res est nec digna  
magistros

fallere nec facilis) latebris suffixa galeri  
cum substantivis — lateant si forte —  
legentem.

(incassum—namque omnibus est academica  
vestis—

proprocurator complerier agmine denso  
strata videt; maestusque Via palatur in  
Alta,

multa gemens, cistamque nequit ditare  
sequendo).

Accipe nunc artes. memini, qui saepe  
negatum

saepe tamen rursus petiit Testamur; at  
illum

ad fluvium comites percussaue robore  
tergi

Torpidi ad alterius cogebat transtra  
juventus;

sed puer Eucliden nec non Pronomina  
Graeca

adfixit lintri, medioque legebat in amne,  
oppositum observans humerum librumque  
vicissim.

sic multas hiemes et sic vicesima vidit  
Parvisa, Edmundi vivens contentus in Aula.  
sunt qui praetereant; est, qui patietur  
aratrum.

sed vos, O juvenes, quos praeteriisse  
vetabit

ferreus et viva damnârit voce magister—  
hospitium si dura negant Collegia, si vos  
excipit e Christi depulsos Corpore  
Turrell—

ne tamen in medio mergat furor aegra  
fluente

corpora, neu famulis sectas obtendite  
fauces;

spes maneat! veniet lustris labentibus  
annus,

cum vos Graecorum per mille pericla  
chororum

perque mathematicos ducet Fortuna papy-  
ros;

tunc aliquis comitum, longis venerabilis  
annis,

ibit, et aequaevi referet Testamur amici.

5.—Ululatorum. Quid est ululator? Vereor, ut  
explicari possit.—SERV. Fuit quidam Romae C.



Licinius Ululator, qui semper accusativos cum nominativis, genitivos autem cum dativis congruentes scribebat. Hoc modo igitur scribere, est ululatores facere.—SCHOL. Haec est ridicula interpretatio.—HEYNE.

- 25.—Torpidi Alterius, hoc est, secundi. De Torpido autem ita scriptum inveni apud Senecam (De Corruptione Morum). Torpida nunc vocitant mutato nomine Toggers; Proque Rudimentis dicunt (O Tempora!) Rudders. . . .

LINES SUGGESTED BY A STONE-  
SAW

“THE silent groves of Academe”—  
In ages which our fathers knew,  
When trams were yet an airy dream,  
Perhaps the epithet was true :  
Ere members of St John's and New  
Had heard the peacock's doleful scream,  
The phrase was applicable to  
The ancient groves of Academe.

Now, when Salvation's rank and file  
Emerge from out their native slum,  
Their retrogressive chief the while  
Performing on his sacred drum,—  
When men who've passed their latest  
school,  
Or traction engines worked by steam,  
Disturb the rest that still should rule  
The silent groves of Academe,—

When little boys who sell the “Star,”  
And saws that split the strident stone

Combine his spirit's peace to mar  
    Who cons his unattractive Bohn,—  
The student in his cloistered shade  
    Pursues in vain some lofty theme,  
When sights and sounds like these invade  
    The silent groves of Academe.

Still must I hear, at half-past five,  
    The hooter's hoot that greets the morn ;  
Still, as the shades of night arrive,  
    The Torpid-man's exultant horn :  
For every various form of din  
    From Carfax Church to Cherwell's  
        stream  
Is heard continually in  
    The silent groves of Academe.

## FRAGMENT OF THE *IXION* OF EURIPIDES

Ονητῶν ἀπάντων δυστυχεῖν πεφυκότων  
 πολλῶ κυκλιστῶν ἀθλιώτατος βίος.  
 λαβὼν γὰρ ἵππον ἢ πὶ τοῖς αὐτοῦ ποσὶν  
 αὐτὸς βεβηκὼς πολλὰ μὴ θανεῖν ἀνὴρ  
 ὑπεκπέφευγεν· ἀλλὰ τῷ κείνων γένει  
 οὐκ ἐστὶν ἐλπίς, οὐδὲ σωθῆναι πάρα.  
 οἷς ἐξιούσι δωμάτων πρῶτον τόδε  
 ἄδηλόν ἐστιν, εἰ τετρωμένοι τροχοὺς  
 μέλλουσ' ἀκάνθαις πανταχοῦ προκειμέναις  
 διαρραγῆναι, δεινὸν εἰσιδεῖν ἄχος·  
 ἔπειτ' ἄνω κάτω τε τραχεῖαις ὁδοῖς  
 αἰεὶ φέρονται, βορβόρῳ πεφυρμένοι  
 χυθέντος ὄμβρου· χῶταν ἐξ ὄμβρου ποτὲ  
 Φοῖβον πάλιν λάμποντος ἀνὰ θῆ πέδον,  
 ἄλλ' ἐξ ἀμάξης αὐτίκ' οὐκ ἀνασχετοῦ  
 ἰᾶσι πλῆθος ὕδατος, ἔχθιστον κακόν,  
 πόλεως ἄνακτες· ὥστ' ἂν οὐδὲν ἡττον ἂν  
 ἐν αἰθρίᾳ τιν' ὥσπερ ὕοντος Διὸς  
 πηλῶ παγῆναι δόχμιόν τ' ὀλισθάνειν.  
 καὶ δὴ πέφευγ' ἐκ τῶνδε καὶ ξηροῖς ἐπὶ  
 τροχοῖς αἴσσει· παντελῶς δ' εὐδαίμονα

οὐκ ἂν καλοῖην, πρίν τιν' εἰς δόμους μολεῖν.  
 νεανίαι γάρ, ἄνομος ὑβριστῆς ὄχλος,  
 χωροῦσ', ἀγνιὰν ὥσπερ ἡγορασμένοι,  
 κύκλῳ κύκλων νέμοντες ἀχάλινον στόμα,  
 οἷς ἐμποδὼν μολῶν τις ὑπτία κάτω  
 στρέψας τὸ λοιπὸν μηχανῇ κυκλίζεται·  
 κακὸν δὲ τούτων χεῖρον, εἰ λέγειν πάρα,  
 γυναῖκες εἰσὶν· οὐ γὰρ οὔτε δεξιᾶς  
 γνῶσιν βεβαίαν οὔτ' ἀριστερᾶς χερὸς  
 ἔχει τὸ θῆλυ· θραύεται δ' ὁ συντυχών·  
 στένει δε φωνῶν ῥήθ' ὁμῶς ἄρρητά τε  
 οἷως ὑφ' οἷας οἶος ὦν πημαίνεται.  
 ὁ δ' αὖ κατ' ἄστνυ πανταχῇ πεξὸς λεῶς  
 ἄλλως πλανᾶται· κούδεν ὦν ὁρᾶν ἔδει  
 ὀρῶσιν, οὐ κλύουσι κώδωνος κτύπον·  
 κᾶτ' ἐγκαλοῦσιν οἷτινες κύκλων ἄπο  
 φοιτῶσιν εἰκῇ καὶ μάτην κεχηνόσιν  
 ἄκοντες ἐμπίπτουσιν· ὦ πόλις πόλις·  
 ἐξ ὦν ἄμωμος τᾶλλα δ' εὖ βιοὺς ἀνὴρ  
 τρόχου βλαβέντος, ὄμματ' ἐκκεκομμένος,  
 χωλός, πεπονθὼς μᾶλλον ἢ δράσας κακά,  
 εἴτ' ἐν δικασταῖς αἰτίας ψευδοῦς ἔπι  
 φεύγων ἐάλωκ'· ἄρα χρή στέργειν τάδε ;

\* \* \* \* \*

τῷ νοῦν ἔχοντι κρεῖττόν ἐστ' οἴκοι μένειν.

## A LAMENT

OXFORD! o'er your history's pages  
Gloomy is the retrospect;  
For in spite of warning sages  
Still your faults you can't correct.

Here—for instance—Thorold Rogers  
Tells you (and I fear it's true)  
How Professors (artful dodgers)  
Cut their work, yet draw their "screw";

How the Reader conscientious,  
Solitary as a nun,  
Reads, alas! to empty benches,  
Or, at most, a class of one:

How insulted Alma Mater's  
Eye with sorrow still remarks  
Twins in neat perambulators  
Circumambulate the Parks.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the House of Convocation—  
Evils worse than these deface it:  
There each liberal aspiration  
Sinks beneath a cold Non Placet:

There, Historians' claims defying,  
Law's appeal you still resist,  
Even now but half complying  
With th' "Unlettered Physicist."

Still a brace of arrant Tories  
You on Parliament bestow :  
Where— O Tempora, O Mores !  
As we read in Cicero—  
O Magistri et Doctores,  
*Where* do you expect to go ?

## WHAT IS IT?

“A new movement has been arranged, and will shortly take place.”—*Statement in the “Oxford Magazine.”*

SIR,

O WHAT do you mean, in last week's *Magazine*, with your highly alarming suggestion?

Do speak plainly for once (I confess I'm a dunce), and reply to a pertinent question.

Can it really be true there's a Movement in view? then give to your terrified reader

Some idea, if you can, of its object and plan, and the name and address of its leader!

Why, I thought on the day when I sped to obey the Conservative summons to muster,

And submissively wrote (as instructed) my vote for the excellent P—t of W—t—r,



That the vote which I gave was intended  
to save from the arts of a Radical  
faction—

We had weathered the storm, as I hoped,  
of Reform, and embarked on the  
stream of Reaction.

But alas! for once more we must hie to  
the door where Eloquence woos us  
to slumber,

And the Leaflet and Whip will diurnally  
drip on the tables they used to en-  
cumber:

We must listen again to those eminent  
men, whose speeches sonorous and  
splendid

Were so often the cause of repealing the  
laws which those great rhetoricians  
defended.

Are they at it anew, the beneficent crew,  
who would break with traditions that  
warp us?

Do the Somerville Dons wish to confiscate  
John's, or annex the endowments of  
Corpus?

Or the Scientists want an additional grant,  
and have banded their ranks with  
Philology's,

And they all do their best to extract from  
the Chest what the Chest has to wring  
from the Colleges :

There's the Radical clique who are hostile  
to Greek, and for Latin would sub-  
stitute German,

Who call fees an abuse, and who can't  
see the use of the 'Varsity afternoon  
sermon ;

There's the person who looks with con-  
tempt on his books as of ignorance  
merely the causes,

And who everywhere states that distinction  
in Greats is for knowledge of classical  
vases—

Do be serious, and say to a timid M.A.  
what this new and destructive device  
is

(There are times when a jest is misplaced,  
at the best, and we stand on the Brink  
of a Crisis) :

Just mention the foes whom I have to  
oppose, and the troops of Reform that  
are arming,

But refrain, if you please, from suggestions  
like these, which are simply and solely  
alarming !

## FRÜHLINGSLIED

NOW in the boughs the throstle sings,  
    Abroad the lambkins skip :  
Now every morn a " Leaflet " brings  
    And every eve a Whip :  
Their finny victims anglers seek  
    In each pellucid pool :  
And Convocation once a week  
    Invents a Final School.

Whene'er I walk about the town  
    Some specialist I view :  
They bid me vote for tongues unknown,  
    For Readers strange and new :  
But ah ! debarred from arts like theirs  
    By Fate's unjust decrees,  
I cannot prate of ancient Erse  
    Or modern Japanese.

The sun shines fair on Charsley's Hall,  
    As Scott (I think) remarks :  
I hear the sound of bat and ball  
    Proceeding from the Parks :

My friend,—although the views we share  
Materially agree,—  
Voters, like birds, in springtime pair :  
Then pair, O pair with me !

## THE MEGALOPSYCHIAD

GREAT and Good is the Typical Don,  
and of evil and wrong the foe,  
Good, and Great : I'm a Don myself, and  
therefore I ought to know :  
But of all the sages I ever have met, and  
of all the Dons I've known,  
There never was one so good and great as  
Megalopsychus Brown.

Megalopsychus Brown was blessed with a  
Large and Liberal View :  
Six sides he saw of a question vexed, when  
commonplace men saw two :  
He looked at it East, and he looked at it  
West, and he looked at it upside down—  
Such was the large and liberal mind of  
Megalopsychus Brown.  
He held one creed which he made for  
himself, and he held it fast and strong—  
That to act on an obvious logical cause is  
shallow, and base, and wrong ;

And all that was said for Freedom of Trade  
so plausible seemed and plain,

That he nearly made up his mind to vote  
for Mr Chamberlain,—

Yes ! if any one urged that the moon was  
a cheese, he would always at once  
admit,

“Though the point of view was un-  
doubtedly new, there was much to be  
said for it.”

But out and alas ! for his charity wide had  
a tendency sad to see

(And it much impaired the practical use of  
Megalopsychus B.) ; —

For since, as I've said, no strange ideas  
could cause him the least alarm,

As he never believed that any one else  
intended the smallest harm,

He became the sport and the natural prey  
of men both bold and bad

Who hadn't at heart the Highest Good (as  
Megalopsychus had) ;

Men with a crank, and men with a fad, and  
men with an axe to grind,

Men with an eye to the main main chance  
and an unacademical mind,

They told him of Science, they told him of  
Greek, they told him of verses and  
prose,

They led him about in the strangest ways  
by his highly respectable nose :—

Till the Public awoke and was pained to  
find that Megalopsychus' rule  
Had changed what once was the Muses'  
seat to a kind of Technical School ;  
And every one said when that learned spot  
was shorn of its old renown,  
“ Behold the large and liberal views of  
Megalopsychus Brown ! ”



## OUT OF WORK

HE said,—and shed some natural tears,—  
A College Tutor old and gray,  
“ ’Twas ever thus ! from childhood’s years  
I still have known the Council’s way.  
I never loved an Honour School,  
Or conned its course with studious glee,  
But Convocation’s changeful rule  
Decreed that School must cease to be !

“ Farewell to all I counted dear,  
My Latin Prose, my Virgil lectures,  
The audiences that thronged to hear  
My (often palmary) conjectures :—  
Farewell, my famed Remarks on Jelf,  
My celebrated Note on γοῦν ;  
Go, moulder idly on the shelf,  
Demosthenes upon the Crown !

“ For this I’ve burnt the midnight oil  
In getting up the frequent tip,  
For this, with long nocturnal toil,  
I’ve served the Cause of Scholarship,—

That I my 'Furneaux' and my 'Jebb'  
Must change for History's doubtful dates,  
And teach, or starve, th' evasive nebulosities of Honour Greats.

"I'll seek some more congenial clime  
Where Prose and Verse the mind  
engage ;  
Philosophies of Space and Time  
Can ne'er console my vacant age !"  
With lip of scorn he packed his "Mayor,"  
His notebooks grasped with brow of  
choler :

Then took the train for Cambridge—where  
'Tis said they still respect a Scholar.

## A SONG OF DEGREES

THERE'S reality, then,  
In what rumours allege,  
And the Council again  
Are assaying the edge  
Of their ancient and dangerous weapon—  
once more the Thin End of the  
Wedge.

They've a scheme to propose  
(On the plan "Do ut des")  
Which will multiply those  
Who proceed to Degrees:—  
You may get your M.A. from the Bursar,  
on sending the requisite fees!

We, who still have defied  
The Hebdomadal's nods,  
Who have fought and have died  
(So to speak) against odds,  
Who have grappled with Letto-Slavonic,  
and pulverised History Mods—

Thus to tout for M.A.'s  
Is a thing we detest :  
'Twere a standing disgrace  
If we e'er acquiesced  
In a change that is simply and solely de-  
signed to replenish the Chest !

If Degrees don't come in  
As they used long ago,  
And it's found that the tin  
In the Cashbox is low,—  
Let them sell the Museum to Keble—  
abolish a Reader or so :

Let them lurk in the Corn  
After Union debates :  
Let them prowl until morn  
By the Theatre's gates :  
Let them proctorise golfers from Cowley,  
and men coming up from the Eights.

But your scout (as you see)  
If you simply go down  
And receive your Degree  
In the Highlands—in Town—  
Cannot wait at the Apodyterium, and be  
tipped for presenting your gown.

Pause, O Vice, for a while,  
And reflect, if you can,  
How the system must rile  
That respectable man,  
When he finds his legitimate profits reduced  
by your Radical plan.

Do I sleep ? Do I dream ?  
No, I fear there's no doubt  
Of the truth of the scheme  
That the Council's about :  
To enrich an effete institution they risk the  
receipts of the scout !

## FRAGMENT OF A NEW DUNCIAD

WHERE ponderous pupils with dejected  
brow

Court the rare Pass and bear th' accustomed  
Plough,

Where Honours still the Physicist must  
seek,

Through the grim gate of Necessary Greek,  
'Mid scenes like these how pleasing to  
survey

The dawn triumphant of a brighter day!  
An ampler epoch looms upon your view,  
Ye Balliol pundits and ye Dons of new :  
Soon shall your students who demand  
degrees

Learn what they like and study what they  
please,

While Freedom's name, allied to Knowledge  
once,

Shall mask the idle and shall cloak the  
dunce!

Nymphs of Philistia! what shall then  
employ

FRAGMENT OF NEW DUNCIAD 83

The mental efforts of th' unlettered boy ?  
On Latin classics shall he form the mind,  
By labour strengthened and by taste refined ?  
Nor Greek nor Latin can survive alone :  
The second withers when the first is gone.  
Shall high Arithmos tempt his sluggish  
soul ?

Stern is the toil, illusory the goal :  
Who, late released from languages antique,  
Sees Mathematics in the place of Greek,  
Is not the man his sacred ease to vex  
With useless gropings for a fleeting x :  
Nor will that wight who spurns linguistic  
curbs

Learn Gallic idioms and Teutonic verbs.  
Shall toilsome science please his casual  
whim ?

O no—such subjects are too hard for him !  
Muses of Gath ! this theme inspire your  
song,

Be this your message to the listening  
throng :—

“ Attend, ye studious, who for culture  
yearn,—

Nought's worth the learning that is hard  
to learn.”

“ Hail, glorious Age ! ” enraptured Masters  
cry,

“Hail, glorious Age!” th’ abandoned  
Schools reply!

See tim’rous Tutors quit their ancient aim,  
Despair of teaching, and give up the game,  
The scholar see, his path with roses strown,  
Reading his classics in the page of Bohn :  
While Science men, a rude unlettered band,  
Whate’er they know, know all at second  
hand ;

See all alike by obstacles debarred,  
Desist from study when the subject’s  
hard,—

Till launched from Oxford in some ampler  
sphere,

They teach to others what we’ve taught  
them here !



## TRUTH AT LAST

LITERARY compositions (thus I heard  
a Tutor say)

Have, as mediums of instruction, altogether  
had their day :

Be not like our rude forefathers, who their  
pupils' minds perplexed

With their futile speculation on the mean-  
ing of the text.

In their critical editions we completely fail  
to trace

That contempt of ancient authors, which is  
Learning's surest base ;

Any lies of any writers—Homer, Plutarch,  
Livy, Dem-

osthenes or Aristotle—all were good  
enough for *them*.

Mere exactitude linguistic simply serves  
to hide the truth :

Grammar's but a dull convention meant to  
vex the soul of youth :

If you want to Make an Epoch, as a scholar  
ought to do,  
Try the methods advocated in the *Classical  
Review*.

There they teach how quite misleading is  
Thucydides' narration  
—Save perhaps when illustrated by a recent  
excavation,—  
Prove Herodotus a liar—show conclusively  
that one  
Square half-inch of ancient potsherd's worth  
the whole of Xenophon.

If you should consult the classics (and at  
times I think you must,  
Just to show they're persons whom it's quite  
impossible to trust),  
Do not seek the verbal meaning and the  
literal sense to render :  
Read them (like the late Macaulay) " with  
your feet upon the fender."

This be then your chief endeavour,—not  
to construe, parse, or scan,  
Not to have the least conception what the  
aorist means with *ἀν*—

But by study of the relics disinterred in  
various spots

Pans Arcadian to distinguish clearly from  
Corinthian pots :

Thus the purest stream of knowledge from  
the fountain-head you'll sip :

Thus you'll do a genuine service to the  
cause of Scholarship :

For by Fact and not by language now the  
ancient world we view—

Which was what our rude forefathers  
altogether failed to do.

## VADE RETRO SATHANAS

(BEING A MEDITATION SUGGESTED BY MR  
CARNEGIE'S DECISION, THAT "THE PRESENT EN-  
DOWED FELLOWSHIPS AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE  
ARE TOO HIGHLY PAID TO CONDUCE TO STUDY.")

### I

"MY lot is low : I lecture in  
A simple edifice of tin :  
Scant is its space, its plant is small,  
The tin that decks its lowly wall  
Is not bestowed on me :  
To give the food which nature lacks  
Two hundred pounds, less Income Tax,  
Compose my annual fee.  
My studious toils by day and night  
Such ample guerdons bless :  
They might be more—but then they might  
Conceivably be less.  
I murmur not nor much repine  
At my exiguous store :  
Yet, when I cut expenses fine,  
And never lunch, and seldom dine,—

I could suppose a place was mine  
Among the virtuous poor ! ”

## II

Thus did I meditate : but O !  
How little of ourselves we know !  
For Mr Carnegie declares  
The salary I touch  
(And who should know but millionaires ?)  
Is very far too much :—  
Too opulent (he says) to work,  
Like Sybarite, or heathen Turk,  
By wealth unnerved, by sloth unmanned,  
Fed by the Bursar's generous hand,  
Blest with two hundred several pounds  
In each revolving year,—  
Our lives are mere continual rounds  
Of skittles, and of beer !  
While Scotchmen read and Picts research  
Impoverished like mice in church,  
A toilsome impecunious crew,  
For whom no yearly hundreds two  
The faculties benumb,—  
*We* to this solitary end  
Our intellectual efforts bend—  
How best on luxuries to spend  
That soul-destroying sum.

## III

O let me ne'er in vicious ease  
Deserve aspersions such as these,  
Nor e'er permit my coffers full  
My mental energies to dull,  
Nor suffer all the gold I've got  
Thy path, Research, to bar,  
Not tempted be to hire a yacht  
Or buy a motor-car !  
No—proof 'gainst wealth and all its snares  
(Like you, like you, ye millionaires !)  
With reverent eyes I'll view  
*Your* proud contempt of pampering pelf,  
*Your* love of knowledge for itself,  
And form my aims on you !

## TO OUR CRITIC (1892)

GREAT Mr Collins, reformer of Colleges !

Though we admit we have grievously erred,

Hear our excuses, our pleas and apologies—

Do not, O do not condemn us unheard !

True, we acknowledge our various deficiencies,

Laggards delaying the march of the time;

True that the tale of our crimes and omissions is

Too long by far for recounting in rhyme :

Still there are some you should really think better of,

Some who may 'scape from your critical ban :

Have you not read the remarkable letter of Nettlesh-p, Bywat-r, P-lham, M-can ?

If there are faults that you cannot abear in  
us,

Stamping our lives with indelible shame,  
All is the fault of the Council's contrariness:  
They and not we are the persons to  
blame :

They and not we who refuse the admission  
of

Subjects unknown in our ancestors' days:  
They and not we who reject the petition of  
More than a hundred enlightened M.A.'s!

Yes—and suppose that the Council were  
willing to

Open its mind to a subject that's new,  
Still 'tis the fact that we haven't a shilling to  
Spend on the studies suggested by you.

Grant, that our authors from Morris to  
Malory

Languish untaught on their several  
shelves :

Grant, that for want of a Reader (with  
salary)

Students are forced to read Keats for  
themselves :



Think of the claims of the Natural Sciences,  
All of them rolling their separate logs :  
Think of the millions we spend on  
appliances,  
Chemists and Botanists, rabbits and frogs !

Here an excuse for our absence of progress  
is,  
Here is a plea for the sloth you deplore—  
Science's ravenous maw (like an ogress's)  
Takes what we give her and clamours  
for more.

Hear our excuses, our pleas and apologies,  
Great Mr Collins, dissatisfied man !  
Fully the bard your indictment acknow-  
ledges—  
Still we are doing the best that we can.

## A SONG OF THE SCHOOLS

WHENE'ER I see those sculptured  
Three, above the New Schools'  
gate,

Whose stony forms a heart of stone too  
aptly indicate,

It minds me, as I gaze upon those cold,  
unfeeling men,

How often I've been ploughed before, and  
oft shall be again ;

And O ! that Undergraduate, receiving  
his degree—

They give that Undergraduate what ne'er  
they'll give to me !

Before my locks were streaked with gray,  
and seamed with care my brow,

I got through Mods. in seven tries—I  
often wonder how—

But Greats, alas ! I cannot pass ; for were  
my mind a sieve, I

Could just about as well retain the narra-  
tive of Livy.

## A SONG OF THE SCHOOLS 95

They tell me where Saguntum was: I  
hear, but I forget—

I can't distinguish Hamilcar from Has-  
drubal as yet!

They say my Aristotle's "weak," and  
always mark "N.S." on

My papers when I try to prove that virtue  
is a μέσον:

And when I bring the Clerk a bob, he  
simply says in answer,

"What! give you a testamur, Sir! I much  
regret I can't, Sir."

Full proudly struts the Honourman, with  
look serene and high;

Yet O! although his task is hard, he's  
better off than I!

He's specialised on all that's known, and  
also much that's not:

He knows far more than Liddell, and quite  
as much as Scott:

He uses philosophic terms so long 'tis hard  
to spell 'em,

Has all M-c-n's most recent tips, and  
theories from P-lh-m;

But can the boastful Honourman—can  
P-lh-m or M-c-n know

The various individuals who bore the  
name of Hanno?

No—much more difficult his task, superior  
far his art,

Who buys a crib at second-hand, and  
learns that crib by heart !

Still, ere I quite give up the game, and  
migrate hence to Durham

(For if examiners have hearts, some pity  
sure must stir 'em)

I'll try another bout with Fate—one last  
and desperate venture—

This time, perhaps, will victory crown my  
limp dejected trencher :

Then, proud as any ancient Greek who  
won the Isthmian parsley,

I'll sign myself

R. SNOOKS, B.A., ex Aul. Magistri  
Charsley.

MISERERE SVFFRAGATORIS  
(1885)

INCIPIT DIALOGVS MAGISTRI ARTIVM ATQVE  
VNDERGRADVATI QVORVM HIC PRIOR  
ITA LOQVITVR :

NUNC Parvisa canamus : amant Parvisa  
Camenae.

ille ego, qui triplici signatam nomine  
chartam

iamdudum repeto—nec me labor ille iuva-  
bat—

en, ego praeterii: nil mi gravis ante  
nocebat

algebra, grammaticoque carent errore  
papyri.

nec scripsisse satis : Vice Cancellarius ipse  
haud facilem esse viam voluit, vivaque  
rogari

voce iubet pueros. vidi, qui nota rogati  
obstipuerunt tamen, meliusve tacenda loqu-  
untur.

ipse nihil timui—quid enim rationis egerem,  
sede sedens solita?—nec non cum laude  
recessi.

TVM ILLE RESPONDEBIT ET DICET :

Ergo ne pete plura : sit hic tibi finis  
honorum :

crede mihi, satis est unum Testamur  
habere.

fortunate puer, tua si modo commoda  
noris,

quod tibi iudicium suffragia rursus ademit  
iam data : quod curvo terret Moderator  
aratro,

nec cepisse gradum, necdum licet esse  
magistro.

te non ulla movet facundia municipalis  
trinave cum propria promittens iugera  
vacca

ambitus exercet : te non ciet Hebdomadale  
concilium, duplicique vocat revocatque  
flagello,

res quaecunque agitur :—qua sint ratione  
legendi

Procuratores : an sit scribenda Latine  
prosa mathematicos puero qui quaerit  
honores :

nec tua Palgravius nec Sacri Carminis  
auctor

quarto quoque die poscit suffragia Dixon.

EXPLICIT DIALOGVS.

NUNQUAM DIREXIT BRACHIA  
CONTRA

WHEN copies of the *Magazine*,  
In Bodley's dark recesses,  
Provide the future Stubbs or Green  
With themes for learned guesses :  
When scholars, airing sapient doubts,  
And antiquarians zealous  
Write monographs to prove that Scouts  
Were not the same as Fellows,—

Posterity the day may see  
(Though daring the conjecture)  
When Readers read to more than three  
And e'en Professors lecture :  
When Youth to town no longer goes  
To cure its suffering molars,  
And does, unasked, its Latin Prose,  
And " keeps " spontaneous " Rollers " !

Then woman, long oppressed in vain,  
Will claim her proper station,  
And take degrees within the An-  
cient House of Congregation :

And making free with rights which we—  
     Not unreluctant—give her,  
 St Hugh's will rule the History School,  
     And Somerville the river.

And that (an M.A. said) is why  
     I recognize my mission  
 To realize that *πάντα ῥεῖ*  
     And all is mere Transition:  
 And why, when Council plans reforms,  
     The cause on which they base it  
 I do not ask, nor wish to know,  
 But take my cap and gown and go  
     And vote a cordial Placet.



## PROCTORS IN PROCESSION (1891)

QUI contemptu pressus est, ecce fit  
sublimis,  
quique summus fuerat, mixtus est cum  
imis :

anne vos iniurias perferetis tales,  
Guardiani, Praesides, atque Principales ?

olim in Ecclesiam Universitatis  
praecedebant maximae viri dignitatis :  
ibant cum Doctoribus Capita Domorum  
in Doctorum cathedras, sicut est decorum :

primus venit omnium Bromi de sacello  
Vice Cancellarius, ductus a bedello :  
Procurator pone tum, Praeses ibat ante  
(tintinnabulario rite tintinnante).

ordo nunc euntium notus exolescit,  
deprimuntur Capita, Procurator crescit,  
nunc (velut petorritis si trahantur equi)  
idem hic praegreditur qui solebat sequi !

Caput Domus quodlibet est permagnus  
homo,  
nihil potest propria exturbare domo :  
Procurator annua tantum habet iura,  
utque vere dixerim, servus est natura.

alter fiet—nihil est quare metuatis—  
unus e Collegio Universitatis :  
neu collega terreat : brevi fiet iste  
mera pars Collegii Divi Jo. Baptistae.

vivunt illi regulas persequendo stultas,  
propter parva crimina imponendo multas :  
sunt interdum utiles, sed plerumque pestis :  
vos cum illis nulla re comparandi estis.

sive vos in praelio trucidabit Freeman,  
—sanguis certe Praesidum bonae legis  
semen,—  
morte contumelias peius ferre tales,  
Guardiani, Praesides, atque Principales !

## THE NEW DOCTORS

B.D. Venerabilis. (Epitaph.)

Mutato nomine D.D. (Horace.)

THE Scholar's ploughed for his degree  
if wanting in Latinity,

The Science man is forced to pass a  
terminal Prelim. :

But he who'd be a Bachelor or Doctor of  
Divinity

Will find that such impediments were  
never meant for him.

The Man's supposed to know about th'  
Athenian Hegemony,

The Law of Real Property, the Struc-  
ture of the Flea :

The Don's excused from everything (*con-  
tradicente nemine*)—

Except, of course, the payment of the  
statutable fee.

Should I to Convocation go and there those  
ancient nobs tackle,

And point out all the pitfalls which they  
set about my way,

And ask to be delivered from a single little  
obstacle

Of all that now prevent me from attain-  
ing a B.A.,—

Whate'er the tale of hindrances my pro-  
gress that encumber is,

The Registrar would simply laugh—the  
Senior Proctor frown—

They'd quote to me Stat. ix. Tit. Cap.—

*I don't know what the number is—*

They'd say 'twas quite impossible : per-  
haps they'd send me down.

And yet 'tis hard that hapless men should  
have to read Thucydides,

And have their life a burden made by  
all the things they're taught,

When Convocation's managers associate to  
rid D.D.'s

Of reading disputations as the Statutes  
say they ought.

When Undergrads admitted are to share  
the *jus suffragii*

(A thing Commissions contemplate, as  
shortly will be shown),

*We'll* stop these vile malpractices which  
now with grief and rage I eye,  
*We'll* make them read their thesises, and  
see that they're their own !

Till then, O Dons, who doubt about your  
Greek and your Latinity,  
Yet want to wear a Doctor's gown as  
men of mark should do,  
You need but ask—they'll let you off your  
thesis on Divinity :  
The Statutes are for common men, but  
are not meant for you.

## A REJECTED NEWDIGATE

O SICILY ! upon whose torrid shores  
Here Scylla lurks and there Charybdis  
roars :

Where great Empedocles, that ardent soul,  
Leapt into Etna and was roasted whole :  
O smiling vales ! and Otremendous heights !  
Trode by the heroes of a hundred fights,  
Now British tars, and then Athenian seamen,  
Here Archimedes, there Professor Free-  
man !

'Twas evening : when in Enna's flowery  
vale

Persephone was plucking galingale,  
And various other flowers less known to us  
Than to translators of Theocritus.  
Dis marked the damsel from the shades  
below

(Dis was the cause of all dis tale of woe) :  
And as with energy that naught appals  
The Eight of Jesus chases Teddy Hall's,  
As the grim bandit on the Thracian crag

Collars the lonely tourist's Gladstone bag,—  
Dis seized the maid and bore her off dis-  
mayed

To share his kingdom in th' infernal shade.

Was it the hooting of the skyey owl?

Or rose from earth that melancholy howl?

Demeter marked the absence of her daughter,

And on the mountains and the plains she  
sought her :

All day she cried (in accents fit to deafen  
ye)

“Persephone! *Persephone*!! PERSEPHONE!!”

O who can paint a mother's speechless woe?

Not I, for one : mere narrative's *de trop*.

Though the detectives both of Rome and  
Sparta

Were furnished with descriptions of her  
daughter,

Though she repaired to various distant  
climes,

And put advertisements within the *Times*,

In vain she questioned persons far and near :

She Asked a P'liceman—nothing could she  
hear :

And when she asked the men of Syracuse

“Where is she? where?” 'twas not the  
smallest use :

For though they speak Italian, you're aware,

None made response, nor "Ecco" answered  
 "Where?"

Meanwhile Persephone, as schoolboys know,  
 Was ruling sadly in the shades below,  
 Where Acheron and Phlegethon and Styx  
 Their floods tremendous with Cocytus mix,  
 Where—but the details, and they're far from  
     scanty,  
 You'll find described in Lemprière, or in  
     Dante.

Some like the place: Persephone did not:  
 'Twas badly lighted, and 'twas rather hot:  
 Amusements slow—she really could not  
     feel

A spark of interest in Ixion's wheel:  
 Though Pluto did his best to cheer his  
     wife,

What she complained of was the want of  
     life.

"Bear me," she cried, "O bear me back  
     again

To Enna (loveliest village of the plain),  
 Where I was wont in girlhood's happy  
     hours

(Myself a fairer flower) to gather flowers!"  
 Jove heard her prayer: and 'twas arranged  
     that she

Should make an annual trip to Sicily.



So Britain's invalids (by doctors' hests)  
 Perplexed by maladies of throats or chests,  
 Fly from the hurricanes of winter hoar  
 To Cannes' retreat or Nice's genial shore :  
 Yet, when the spring asserts her genial  
 reign,

So Britain's invalids come home again.  
 Thus Undergraduates, a studious race  
 (Their country's pride, and Oxford's  
 chiefest grace),  
 Wearied with Plato and with Latin Prose,  
 Enjoy through half the year a well-deserved  
 repose.

\* \* \* \* \*

This of thy tale, Persephone ! the abstract  
 is and pith :

Some say it's allegorical, and some a Solar  
 Myth.

I dote on hoar Antiquity, and love its  
 legends old,—

But yet I can't believe much more than  
 half of what I'm told.

## ALARIC: A PRIZE POEM

ĀLĀRĪCUS, vel Ālārīcus, vel Ālārīcus  
audit ?

non equidem curo : nec res flocci est  
facienda :

nomine nam quoquo rex est ferus ille  
vocandus

arma virumque cano, Vice-Cancellarius ipse  
quem cecinisse jubet, recitareque Shel-  
doniano,

si placet hoc Dominis Doctoribus atque  
Magistris.

annuite O Musae coeptis seniorque canenti  
Procurator ades ! dabit et deus his quoque  
finem.

non equidem celebrare Alarici ingentia facta  
cuncta queo, aut cupio: partim, quod nescio:  
partim

quod narrat scriptor doctissimus omnia  
Gibbon,

qui fuit, ut perhibent, Academiae hujus  
alumnus.

O fortunati qui antiquam quique modernam

Historiam callent, Xenophontem Thucy-  
didemque,  
Freeman, Stubbs, Tacitum, nec non Livium  
Patavinum !

illis Finales scribendo quaerere Honores  
nec frustra quaesisse licet.

non Parvisa timent nec Preliminaria Iura :  
et mox Tutores fiunt vel Praelectores,  
vel Socii, quo nil praeclarius, Officiales.

Urbs antiqua fuit, quae quondam Roma  
vocata est :

nunc quoque, ni fallor, vocitatur nomine  
eodem.

salve magna virum genetrix ! hic nascitur  
olim

Scipiades, fulmen belli, Carthaginis horror,  
Caesarque, et Gracchi de seditione  
querentes,

Augustusque senex, et Cocles, et Caracalla,  
Caiusque, et Balbus qui muros aedificabat,  
multi praeterea quos nunc describere  
longum est,

Tullius et Cicero patriae roburque paterque,  
Antoni gladios potuit qui spernere : sed non  
sprevisset gladios Alarici, si vixisset.

impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer  
per montes, per tela citus ruit : Hectoris  
instar

maxima rupit Gatlingis torpedinibusque  
moenia . . .

ac veluti quam cum confectis ebria bumpis  
clamorem caelo tollit studiosa juvenus,  
et media, infandum! faciunt incendia  
quadra

nec trepidant ipsum superimposuisse De-  
canum :

haud aliter . . . . .

## NOCTURNE

### I

WHEN the moon is burning bright  
On the sorrow-stricken sea,  
In the dark autumnal night,  
(Ay de mi !)  
There's a melancholy message that is borne  
upon the blast,  
There's a sad reiteration of the music of  
the Past—  
And it penetrates my ear  
With a cadence that I know,  
With an echo from the drear  
Long ago . . . .

### II

I would wander, I would roam  
To that dim and distant shore  
Where the melody should come  
Nevermore . . . .  
Miserere ! O the dreary, O the passionate  
refrain—

How it shivers thro' the darkness with a  
plenitude of pain !

And my bliss is turned to gall,

And my spirit faints and fails—

—'Tis my neighbour, through the wall,  
Playing Scales !

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